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CONGRESS during its coming session will be called upon to consider three plans for military preparation or lack of preparation. There will be the plan which Mr. Bryan advocates so eloquently of doing nothing to increase the army of the United States in numbers or to improve it in organization and equipment. There will be the plan of the administration which increases the regular army by about 30,000 men, which seeks to create a new volunteer national militia of 400,000 men, and which remedies at least the most palpable deficiences in equipment, officers and general organization. Finally, there is the plan supported in general by Colonel Roosevelt, but which really originates with the army War College in Washington. The administration has not allowed its details to be published, but the newspapers have indicated its general scope. The regular army is increased to 225,000 men, who serve two years with the colors and four in the reserve, the expectation being that at the end of a few years the United States will possess as a first line of defence a body of fully trained troops amounting to at least 500,000. In addition, a second line of 1,000,000 is provided, who will have received the rudiments of military training and could, after a few weeks in camp, be moulded into effective soldiers. Of course very complete arrangements are proposed for the equipment, the officers, the supplying and the staff work of the expanded army. All of these plans will be vigorously advocated in Congress, and that body in its action or lack of action will have to choose among them.

ON what grounds should the choice be made? In trying to answer this question Congressmen will not receive very much assistance from the supporters of the several plans. Our existing armament, the increase proposed by the administration, and that proposed by the War College, are all advocated as adequate means of self-defense. But no one can possibly tell what really adequate means of self-defense are. It all depends upon how inclined we are to be apprehensive. Mr. Bryan is not apprehensive. He refuses to believe that any foreign Power wishes to attack the United States, and he is quite content to wait until one does before making preparation. At the other end of the scale are men so apprehensive that they wish the country to prepare against an attack from a combination of Powers; and, manifestly, the country cannot be absolutely secure unless it is prepared to fight a navy and an army as large as the military and naval force which Great Britain and France are free to detach for service on this side of the Atlantic. A program based merely on self-defense brings with it no standard from which to estimate the amount of preparation necessary to secure the country from attack. The present army and navy would not make the country secure in case of a war with any first-class Power. The armaments proposed by the administration should be sufficient to secure the country against attack by any one Power except Great Britain. The armament

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proposed by the War College is apparently designed to meet the combined attack of at least two strong military Powers. But why not more than two? In planning for self-defense a country must always substitute diplomatic for military instruments at some stage in the work. It must always decide to trust at least some of its neighbors and associates. No plan can be adopted which would not imply a specific attitude towards the international relationship and responsibilities of the United States.

NOT that we expect the plan of preparedness will be determined by a specific attitude towards the international relationships and responsibilities of the United States. The amount of preparedness finally authorized will depend upon the pressure of public opinion. But this public opinion will be moulded in part by the reasons advanced, and during the coming session the great object of those who believe in preparing intelligently should be that of establishing associations in the popular mind between the amount of preparedness and its object. The existing army and navy have been based on the assumptions that we were practically secure from attack, and that no other nation would seriously challenge the Monroe Doctrine and other aspects of our foreign policy. The demand for a larger army and navy implies not merely that our territory is not secure from attack, but that our policy may not be regarded as inoffensive by other nations, and that we must find out which among the foreign Powers are more likely to be our friends than our enemies. We have criticized Mr. Wilson for avoiding the discussion of these questions, but the advocates of less and more armament are just as much at fault as he. They are all evading the problem of defining the foreign policy and ties of the country, and consequently their propaganda of preparedness or unpreparedness fails in a most essential aspect: in its effect on public opinion their work is miseducative rather than educative.

HIGH ocean freight rates are constituting a serious handicap to our export trade. There is a market in Spain for hundreds of thousands of tons of American coal at prices that seem fabulous here, but with freight charges ranging from six dollars to twenty dollars a ton the Spanish coal market is practically as distant as the moon. Wheat and meat move in spite of high freights, and the same thing is true of a wide range of manufactures. They would move in vastly greater volume if ocean freights were offered at normal rates and in adequate supply. Supply of shipping, however, is the crux of the problem. Even at present rates there are not ships enough to carry the goods piling up in the terminals. This situation would not have been affected in any way if the administration had succeeded in its project of purchasing ships and entering upon the transatlantic carrying trade. Some favored shippers might have enjoyed lower freights, but the terminal congestion would have become as serious. Nor would conditions have been better if the government had undertaken to build ships. All the shipbuilding yards are working up to capacity, and governmental orders would merely displace private orders. There is, in our opinion, a place for government-owned lines, but this place is not created by the exceptional conditions of the transatlantic trade in wartime. Government lines would be worth establishing on routes necessary for the development of our trade, but only when private lines cannot operate without subsidy. Not elsewhere.

THERE is the greatest diversity of opinion among business men as to the commercial situation that will arise when peace is reëstablished. According to one view, the industry of our European competitors will emerge from the war so badly shattered that our manufacturers will have nothing to fear from it. This view has a certain plausibility. Capital will be dear in Europe, taxes will be high, labor, if cheap, will be more or less demoralized. Millions of men are unlearning their industrial habits in the trenches, and these habits constitute the part of the national capital that is hardest to restore. According to another view, peace will mean a desperate effort on the part of the European nations to regain the trade which they have lost. Universal poverty will goad on the producers to force open the neutral markets, and the inflated prices prevailing in such markets will place a premium upon European exports. This view, which is that of the protectionist reaction in this country, is also more or less plausible. The truth seems to be that in some branches of trade we shall have nothing to fear from foreign competition after the war, while in other branches our producers may suffer severely. We ought to create at once an expert tariff commission that will collect systematically all information that may bear upon the probable commercial effects of the return of Europe to peace. In this way we might determine rationally what tariff schedules may need to be raised and in what measure. If we persist in doing nothing we shall find ourselves overwhelmed by a movement for increasing duties all around, and to a level not at all warranted by the international competitive situation. We shall either revise the tariff intelligently, with due regard to the legitimate interests of our manufacturers, or they will secure a popular mandate to take tariff-making into their own hands and write such schedules as their cupidity may direct.

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WE understand that Paterson, N. J., has seceded from the United States. The Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor, and the Chief of Police among them have abrogated the Constitution, and have decided that they will use force to prevent Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn from addressing the mill workers. "You may have the right, but we have the power," is the candid way in which these official ruffians proclaim their policy, and the only people who seem in the least concerned are a few brave women and a few scattered editors. Yet here is an issue which goes to the roots of our liberties. The rulers of Paterson are about the most dangerous citizens this country harbors, and we should like to suggest to all those concerned about the lawlessness of Germany in Belgium, that Paterson is worthy of their immediate attention and utmost energy. As between von Bissing in Brussels and Bimson in Paterson, Bimson is perhaps the greater enemy of civilization. The Germans never pretended to believe in democracy. But Bimson is an official in a republic.

A QUARTER of a century ago a rich woman noticed that the salesgirls in a department store were compelled to stand up all day behind the counter. She rebelled. She said she would withdraw her account unless the management provided seats, and the threat worked. A woman had hit upon economic coercion as a weapon of goodwill. So the Consumers' League idea was born, and now the public is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. The League has travelled far since those early days. It has discovered that the boycott is only one of the devices by which the consumer can make himself felt in the industrial world. It has used publicity with extraordinary skill. And it has used legislation. For years it has struggled to enact and enforce labor laws, fighting its way from state legislators to the Supreme Court. The greatest case with which it has ever been connected is now before that court. When we know about the constitutionality of the minimum wage we shall know what is the future of the Consumers' League idea.

THE campaign against the Seamen's law, which has been gathering momentum ever since the bill was signed by the President, seems now to have overshot its mark. Two weeks ago the press triumphantly heralded dispatches picturing the Seamen themselves as clamoring for its repeal. Yet a few days later, at the instance of the Seamen's delegate, the law was unanimously endorsed by the American Federation at its annual meeting. A few months ago the notion was assiduously circulated that the law was not to be enforced against foreign vessels. It now appears from the published rulings of the Department of Commerce that, excepting Section 14 relating to the equipment and manning of lifeboats, all the most drastic features of the law, including the language test, the requirement of a stated percentage of able seamen, and the removal of some of the restraints on desertion, apply to foreign as well as American vessels. By a very doubtful holding of the Department of Commerce that the navigation laws of ten foreign countries "approximate" our own even after the passage of the Seamen's law, Section 14 will not be enforced against these ten nations. Against this ruling the American Federation of Labor has lodged a justifiable protest.

THE loud and not over-scrupulous opposition to the Seamen's law has served to draw attention away from a very real defect in the law—the failure to provide adequate machinery for its enforcement. The law has added greatly to the complexity of our rules of navigation, and it has increased many times the number of ships which must be inspected by federal officials. Yet it has neither added to the personnel nor improved the administration of the inspection service. Even before the Seamen's law took effect the service could not cope with its task, as was shown by the investigations which followed the Eastland disaster. It must soon undertake new duties with respect to the safe designing and sound construction at least of passenger vessels. If the Seamen's law is to be administered effectively and impartially against the ships of all nations, the inspection service must be increased, reorganized, and made a bureau in the expert maritime commission which shipowners and shippers alike are urging Congress to establish.

WHAT kind of rural-credit legislation we ought to have is largely a matter of the end we are striving to attain. In creating the Landschaft, so greatly admired by Mr. Herrick and other rural-credit writers of recent authority, the Prussian government sought successfully to preserve the landed aristocracy from ruin. A similar plan here might contribute materially to the prosperity of our present landholders, especially those with large holdings. It would give cheaper capital for improvement, and hence conduce to increased production. It would raise the value of land, and create a new category of sound investments for the worried classes. Such ends, desirable as they may be, are essentially of private concern, and can make no valid claim upon direct public aid. They should be attained through coöperation, and all that can be asked of the state is that it place no obstacles in their way. It is possible, however, to conceive an agrarian policy with quite other ends. Assume that the interests of democracy are best subserved by the one-

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family freehold system. There may be excellent reason for governmental subsidies to rural-credit institutions working definitely to realize this end. Such institutions would offer cheap capital to the tenant striving to become an owner, but would refuse aid to men striving to lay field to field in an attempt to found landed estates. They would necessarily be under the supervision of agricultural experts who would direct the flow of funds, not with a view to technical financial principles alone but to agricultural improvement as well. Rank paternalism, cry the dogmatic adherents of the Landschaft principle. The whole mass of labor legislation is still often described as rank paternalism. It does not matter what you call it, so long as it is necessary to the preservation of a democracy.

NOTHING in the way of preparedness outshines the Special Relief Society, organized in New York by a group of wealthy and fashionable women. If America is to have a war, this society is already organized to clasp aching heroes to its bosom in the manner ordained by the best English country houses. In the name of liberty, peace and honor, these ladies have listed their summer homes for emergency hospitals, have prepared specimen kits for the volunteer army and for convalescents, and are making lists of Sister Susie clubs to sew shirts for soldiers. It is all quite sincere and above reproach on the grounds of patriotism. But it is a little lacking in imagination. If the Special Relief Society really wants to help America, why wait for a war? There are plenty of invalids lying around now on whom they could practise. There are thousands of convalescents turned off too soon by the public hospitals who would love to spend the winter in the empty houses at Lenox, Bar Harbor and Newport. There are innumerable babies, not war babies, that are in need of kits. If these good women were doing their full share to relieve the horrors of peace they would not need a Special Society to relieve the horrors of war.

ON the face of the figures it would appear that our government shipyards can construct dreadnoughts at a cost lower than the most favorable bid offered by any private concern. This is gratifying, yet gratification is likely to be tempered with uncertainty as to what the government cost figures fail to include. They do not include any item to cover interest on investment in plant, and there is probably no item for depreciation. Various overhead items are also ignored. The American people will meet all these items of expenditure, but under other bookkeeping heads. Until we reform our system of accounting in public enterprises, we shall be unable to form a just estimate as to the relative financial advantages of private contracts and direct governmental construction. Very likely we shall lose money on the two dreadnoughts if we build them in government yards, while apparently making important savings. But even if this should be the case, it would not be conclusive against government construction. We cannot afford to rely exclusively upon private plants to build our warships. They would combine and extort monopoly charges in the end. It is better to lose a little money on public construction than to build up an armament ring to thrive on war-scares.

OF late there has been some talk of organizing a government industry to control the whole armament business, from the mining of the ore and coal to the completion of guns and armored ships. The object would be to circumvent private interests in any attempt to extort monopoly prices on intermediate products. Unquestionably the producers of steel billets and castings will make government armament plants pay good prices if they can. What is more, they will expect the government to be lenient in its requirements as to time of delivery. This is one of the chief grounds for the unsatisfactory results of government construction. But the establishment of complete industrial independence for the government is a remedy quite too drastic and expensive for the disease. It is improbable that the armament industries of the United States will ever be of sufficient magnitude to require the whole output, year in, year out, of a fully equipped steel plant, and intermittent operation is too costly to be considered. After all, the government does not need to pay very excessive prices for steel privately produced unless it chooses to do so. Private companies will not find their profit in forcing the government to make use of its sovereign power of price regulation.

A War Of Social Attrition

THE remorseless wearing down of a nation by the slaughter of all her able-bodied men: this is the ugly reality that we have sought to cover with the mild and glib term "attrition." But the attrition that is now wearing away the face of old Europe is not limiting its action to the destruction of human flesh. It is proceeding with equal remorselessness to grind away the foundations of institutions generally viewed as more persistent and more socially significant than individual lives. The relations of noble and peasant, of capitalist and workman, cannot be the same after the world war. Although there may be no way of forecasting the direction of the evolution that will take place, one thing nevertheless stands out clearly. A reconstruc-

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tion of property is proceeding steadily in all the warring nations. Each day's military outlay subtracts from the wealth and power of the economic classes that were apparently most secure in their rights, and adds to the power if not the wealth of other classes. And if the days of war are many, this will amount to a social revolution, though perhaps not the social revolution dreamed by enthusiasts in time of peace.

The capital wealth of Germany was one hundred billions. Of what did this vast aggregate really consist? In the mood of intellectual laziness appropriate to economic problems of small import, we are content to treat the national capital as a collection of items of productive value: lands, mines, factories, stocks of materials, and the like. But none of these things is capital in its own right. Property becomes capital only when it is capable of yielding a net income; in other words, when the process in which it is employed produces a surplus above the maintenance of labor and other necessary outlays. Germany's one hundred billions is the capital value of the surplus available after the inexpugnable claims of labor have been met. The surplus itself may be estimated at five or six billions. Let it be reduced by one-third, and the sum of German property values must shrink proportionately. Let it remain stationary, and any increase in capital values is a mere paper increase, a kind of stock-watering. The emission of loan paper made necessary by the war is steadily watering the stock of German national wealth. So also the British, French, Italian, Russian stocks are being watered. New bodies of stockholders are everywhere appearing, at the expense of the old.

The economic condition of a sovereign state at war is not other than that of a mismanaged private corporation issuing new bonds to meet unproductive expenses. Say that a board of railway trustees have gone mad and have entered upon a project of magnificent outlays that cannot increase net earnings. The new bonds have nothing to rest upon but the earnings of the old properties, already assigned to other claimants, the original holders of stocks and bonds in the company. If the earnings could be increased through raising rates or reducing wages, the wastefulness of the new projects might be concealed. But the railway is doubtless already charging all the traffic will bear, and paying the lowest wages and salaries compatible with efficiency. Accordingly the new bonds can only wrest their income from the original capitalization. Every such paper increase is an act of redistribution of actual property. Practiced by a private corporation it is robbery; practiced by a public body it is confiscation. There is doubtless a wide moral distinction here, but no distinction in economic effect.

The German military enterprise is not one that is calculated to increase the aggregate national income. Quite the contrary. The national surplus above the earnings of labor cannot be increased by a reduction in wages. The wage level in Germany is so low that any reduction would be followed by a more than proportionate decline in efficiency. It is needless to point out that a nation can secure no relief from advancing prices, as a private corporation may sometimes do. It follows, then, that every increase in the national debt means the transfer of title to surplus income from the landlords, mine owners, manufacturers, bankers, to the holders of government bonds. If the war continues, as is predicted, for three years, this process of confiscation may well extend to one-fifth of the capital value of each of the principal warring states.

But this conclusion wears a delusive appearance of simplicity. One-fifth of the national capital will be confiscated, but not one-fifth of each man's capital. Some men will emerge richer on account of the war, and scarcely any will find themselves in the same relative position as before. Taxes for the service of the debt will be evaded by some classes of property owners. German industry, commerce and banking will not be able to bear taxes amounting to one-fifth of their net income. These branches will attempt to shift part of the burden through increased prices or rates. The more solidly vested interests, such as land, will have to bear not only their proportionate share but much of what is shifted from other interests.

And while the whole public chafes under its new burdens and each class strives to shift the weight resting upon it to other classes, there will be one group in society that will visibly embody the new oppression—the holders of the national bonds. True, every nation at war strives to make its loans "popular," to secure the widest possible distribution among the public. But in no country except France has such a result ever been approximately attained, and even in France the public creditors, the *rentiers,* have formed a fairly distinct class, with social outlook and manner of life more or less antipathetic to that of the mass of the people. Inevitably in every country of Europe there will arise out of the war a class of these privileged property owners upon whom the owners of unprivileged property, as well as the propertyless, will cast envious glances. "We suffered, they profited. We pay, they devour."

No great category of property, however, can fall under criticism without dragging in all property as co-defendant. If men begin angrily to inquire why holders of public bonds should live at ease, and to intimate that their privileges should be curtailed, they will inevitably extend their inquiry to recipients

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of income from lands, from corporate bonds and stock, from every source that flows freely without its beneficiaries' thought or effort. The existing mass of property of the nations at war is undergoing attrition. But, what is more significant, the institutions, the habits of mind which give to property its seeming solidity, are also undergoing attrition. An early peace may restore these habits and institutions to vigor, but a prolonged war will shift boundaries in Europe quite other than those delimiting the territories of states.

War At Any Price

BOTH in Great Britain and Germany timid voices have recently been raised asking the governments to define the terms on which they will make peace. The demand has been treated by the spokesmen of the governments as little short of treasonable. It has been greeted with contempt by the German and English press, and even in neutral countries its manifest pertinence under prevailing conditions has been disregarded. Yet these still, small voices are evidently only the first of a voluminous chorus. The time is ripe, if not for an official statement by the belligerents of the terms of an acceptable treaty of peace, at least for the partially inspired public discussion of those terms. For diplomatic and military reasons a discussion of this kind will necessarily suffer in France, Great Britain and Germany from a lack of candor and thoroughness, but in that case the obligation of starting the good work and carrying it forward rests the more heavily on neutrals. The drift of their discussion, inadequate and unauthoritative though it must necessarily be, will be communicated to the people of the warring nations. It may arouse them to press for an answer to the disagreeable but unavoidable question, what are the specific attainable results for which the fighting is being continued?

Until recently the public discussion of a possible treaty of peace would have been unprofitable, because the flagrant uncertainties of the military situation overshadowed its comparative certainties. At different moments both the Central Powers and the Allies could anticipate a decisive victory. The first terrific German attack, which was planned to end the war, was not finally checked until December, 1914. In the spring of 1915 it looked as if the original Allies with the aid of Italy and the Balkan states might succeed in imposing their own terms on Germany. In August of the present year victories on the eastern front seemed to offer Germany a chance of forcing a peace on Russia. None of these expectations has been realized. At the beginning of a second winter's campaign everything indicates that the subjugation of their enemies will constitute a task beyond the military strength of either group. The Central Powers are having much their own way in the Balkans, but all they can win there is trophies which will be useful in the negotiations for peace. Their position is not as strong as it looks. Now that Russia is apparently able to hold the German army and may exert an increasing pressure on the eastern front, the Allies seem likely to reap the advantage of their larger resources in materials and men. They can wear the Germans down little by little; they may well make it impossible for Germany to retain any substantial part of the conquests of its army; but they can accomplish these results only by fighting for probably two years longer, and by sacrificing a British, a French, or more than one Russian life for every incapacitated German. A relentless war of attrition may still be a road to some measure of success, but at best it can result only in depriving the Germans of a part of their conquests. It cannot reduce them to submission. Its cost in present and future life and in accumulated social assets will be appalling. Peace at any price may be an ignoble doctrine, but war at any price, even with the best of motives, is militaristic madness.

The great obstacle to a discussion in France and Great Britain of a possible treaty of peace is the prevailing disposition to regard the complete subjugation of Germany as a righteous and practicable object. If Germany is not decisively defeated, so it is said, the struggle against her will have to be repeated by the sons of the present fighters, and civilization will in the meantime be consumed in the fire of national insecurity and militaristic obsessions. The Allies consequently do not propose to discuss terms with Germany. They propose to restrict the discussion to themselves and impose their decision on Germany. In the words of M. Lucien Henry: "Never, never will France lay down her arms until Germany has been disarmed, and that should be taken most literally. Militarism must go, and it will not go until the Allies forbid Germany any army except a police force. Germany must give up her fleet too. . . . We will never treat with Germany for peace; we will dictate the terms of ending the war." This may seem to be an extreme view, but it is the view of a man sent by the French government to this country for the purpose of instructing and influencing American public opinion. It represents the official conviction of what the treaty of peace ought to be—of the kind of guarantee which the Allied governments intend to exact in order to prevent a repetition of the malevolent German political offensive.

An attitude of this kind cannot be justified on military, political or moral grounds. We accept some of the premises on which it is based, but we

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reject the conclusion. The ruling class in Germany willed this war and deliberately prepared for it. Any substantial success on their part might indeed imperil the immediate future of humane and civilizing purposes. The Allies should fight as long as may be necessary to prevent Germany from breaking its way through with trophies sufficient to count in the minds of the German people as compensation for their terrible losses. But the cause of international righteousness, in so far as it is involved, will be sufficiently served by the checking of Germany—by teaching her the lesson that the attainment of primacy in Europe is beyond her power, just as it was beyond the power of Spain and France. In the interest of civilization Germany needs to be checked; but if she is crushed and subjugated, as M. Henry proposes, it will not be in the general interests of civilization, but in the special interests of Russia, Italy, France and Great Britain. If the treaty of peace for which the Allies are fighting is one about which Germany herself is not to be consulted, their governments should forfeit the support of liberals both at home and abroad.

By proposing to subjugate Germany the Allies are planning to do to the German people just what they are fighting to prevent the Germans from doing to them. They are proposing to strip Germany of her defences, prevent her from having anything to say about the affairs of Europe, and to reduce her permanently to the condition of a subject and helpless nation. Merely to suggest such a policy is an indication of moral deterioration. The attempt to carry it out would do more harm to the Allies than it would to Germany. The Germans would never willingly submit. Europe would be organized for the purely coercive purpose of continuing the subjugation of a single people. Such an organization could not last, and as soon as it fell apart, as it certainly would, Germany would have her opportunity, of which she could be trusted to take full advantage. The Allies would be trying to accomplish European pacification exclusively by the sword, and the result would be to convert Europe into an international despotism and a moral chaos.

An inconclusive ending to the war and a treaty of compromise and adjustment has a much better chance of contributing to the ultimate peace of Europe than has the ruthless subjugation of Germany. The immediate future of civilization in Europe depends upon the ability of the German people to read aright the lesson of the war—the old lesson that aggressive militaristic nationalism does not pay. The lesson will be lost on them if at the end of the war their rulers can exhibit substantial conquests as a proof that it did pay. The lesson will be equally lost on them if they are obliged to accept a treaty of peace based on the certainty of making militarism profitable to their enemies instead of to themselves. They would regard such a treaty as a proof that the Allies were conspiring to humiliate them and to keep them in bondage; and they would remain loyal to their autocratic government, one which was capable of seizing the first opportunity to break out of the bonds. But if they gain nothing of importance by the way as a result of their sacrifices, if they cannot produce even any grievances on which to brood, they may come to see that their enemies are not the foreigners who resisted their aggressive enterprise, but the fellow-countrymen who planned it. Nobody can promise that they will learn the lesson and act upon it, but the expectation that they will opens up the best chance for the immediate future of civilization. The road to such a future runs through revolution both in Germany and Russia, and the revolutions are most likely to take place in case both Germany and Russia do not emerge from the war either decisively victorious or badly beaten.

The Defective Baby

AT a time when politicians and generals have to decide almost every day whether to purchase a trench or a hill at the cost of so many human lives, the death of a helpless baby has set a whole nation talking. This happens to be a nation which cannot boast that it cares supremely about its babies, for hundreds of thousands of them die every year of preventable causes. They die of tenements which could be ventilated, of milk that could be kept clean, of neglect that could be remedied. They die because their fathers are underpaid, because their mothers are overworked; they are run over on city streets because there are insufficient playgrounds; they are infected by dirt diseases; they are starved. Given a chance in life most of them would become happy and useful. They are refused that chance because public opinion is too indolent, because many landlords and business men are too greedy, because politicians are cowardly and ignorant. Every year hordes of fine human beings are condemned to death because it costs too much to save them. But the refusal to keep alive a deformed idiot has become a moral issue throughout the nation.

This is not due to the fact that Dr. Haiselden did an unprecedented thing. Decisions like his are made frequently by physicians. What distinguishes his act is that he has been willing to make an issue of it. He has challenged an ancient religious scruple. He has set himself up against those who think of the soul as something above human life, as something which cannot be defined, but which is known to survive personality. People who think

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this way grow violent at the thought of any interference with what they regard as God's plan—and if you point out to them that God meant this baby to die because he brought it into the world unfit to live without the interference of a surgeon's knife, they think you are unpleasantly logical.

The real trouble between Dr. Haiselden and his religious opponents is that Dr. Haiselden has reasoned himself into a naturalistic view of the soul. To be sure, people of his mind rarely use the word in an exact discussion, because to them "soul" is nothing but a loose blanket word which means the more idealistic sides of human character. A soul to them is a cluster of human values, made up of the desire and movement and memory of a person. They cannot think of the soul in the abstract. That is why they cannot think of the soul of an idiot infant. So once they are overwhelmingly certain that a baby could never have shared human experience, their dogmatic scruples about its death disappear. A witless monstrosity just because it breathes air and digests food is not a human being to them even though it was born of woman. They know that in the caprice of nature many prodigies are born which dogmatists about the soul would rather not have to explain.

But not all of Dr. Haiselden's opponents are inspired by a supernatural view of the soul. Some of his ablest critics are sensitive, reasoning people who argue that the only way to cultivate a sense of the sanctity of life is by fighting to preserve every last bit of it. They would grant perhaps that in the Chicago case it was more human in every way to let the baby die. But they would insist that the Chicago case cannot be isolated, and that the only way to counteract the cheapness of human life is to set flowing an irresistible current of prejudice in favor of saving life at all times and under all conditions. It is a view which is certainly not to be dismissed offhand.

And yet is it not arguable that life will not be held sacred by those who are taught to think of it quantitatively? If everything that palpitates is human, is humanity ever likely to summon our strongest attachments? These are not questions to which anyone can give a certain answer. But it may be said perhaps that life seems most precious to those who think of it in terms of its possibilities, who care for humanity not merely because it exists, but because it is capable of being swift and sure and winning. Those who really love humanity wish to surround it with care, to have it born of desire, to have it raised with care. They want to eliminate brute accident, and control nature's carelessness. It is also to these people that Dr. Haiselden belongs, and the high courage of his act is the result not of heartlessness but of a fine discrimination.

Yet people who have no metaphysical or moral scruples may still hesitate to approve entirely what he did. They say that scientists do not know enough to make decisions of life and death, and that no man can be trusted with such power. Certainly we do not wish to give any doctor and any parent this power over babies. It is one thing to control birth, and quite another to extinguish life. The issue then is really a practical one. Granting that it is desirable to weed out the utterly unfit, who is to determine their fitness and make the ultimate decision? Can any jury be devised which could be trusted with this question? We do not pretend to know, and we should welcome opinions from our readers.

This hesitation is not to be taken as a criticism of Dr. Haiselden. We assume that he acted on a perfectly clear case, and his action carried out with such publicity cannot fail to do good. He did what all pioneers must do. He broke the conventional code in order to compel an examination of it. Without such shattering of idols there can be no increase of enlightenment, and there is no danger in action openly avowed. Whatever reservations we have are confined to those who might follow his example in secret.

Brand Whitlock

CERTAIN newspapers are doing their blatant best to make a melodramatic hero of Brand Whitlock. No one will like this less than Mr. Whitlock. No one deserves it less than he. It is not as the saviour of Brussels or the uncrowned king of Belgium, it is not even as a famous or successful diplomat that Mr. Whitlock returns to us now. We know that the Whitlock legend was manufactured out of whole cloth a year or more ago by irresponsible American journalists then in Belgium. We do not yet know the measure of success or failure of our Minister's diplomacy. Some of us may have our doubts since the tragic Cavell case. But neither of these things really matters. The great thing, for us and for Belgium, is that Mr. Whitlock has represented perfectly to a nation imprisoned and oppressed the ideals of freedom and justice which we like to think of as typically American.

Any temporary successes scored by "dollar diplomacy" look small beside that fact. As a people we are not generally popular outside of our own country. To-day Belgium is the only spot in Europe where Americans are truly respected and admired. And that is largely because Belgium is the only nation where we appear at our best; where the best of our thoughts and instincts, our creeds of fair play and friendliness are represented. It is not as we are but as we would like to be that the

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Belgians see us now. That is thanks to Mr. Whitlock. The failures of our foreign policy have been numerous since this great war began; the failures of our point of view, of our outlook on life, have never been more painfully clear. But against the long tale of our diplomatic and altruistic defeats abroad we may record one great victory—our victory and Brand Whitlock's—in Belgium.

Two or three days after the world war was declared a friend of Mr. Whitlock's in New York City received a letter written from the seclusion of a chateau near Brussels, where the Minister was leisurely engaged in writing a novel. There was no hint of war, no thought of war, in the letter. The writer whimsically deplored the idle life of an American representative abroad. "I am afraid, after all, that I am made for an active life," is the substance of what he wrote. "There is nothing to do here." Yet between the posting of that letter and its receipt in New York the world turned upside down, and there came a chaos of "things to do."

One of the first things was to protect German lives and German interests in Belgium. This seems ironical enough when we think of what followed; but it is well to remember that our Minister to Belgium is still charged with the diplomatic protection of German affairs there, and that this is what gives him his only official standing in the country controlled by Governor-General von Bissing. When the war broke out there were thousands of German lives and much German property in danger in Belgium. It was Mr. Whitlock's official duty to protect them. Only a few weeks later, Belgium lives and Belgium property were in horrible peril at the hands of the invaders. This time Mr. Whitlock did not wait for official sanction before helping those who required help. As everybody knows, he stayed in Brussels after the representatives of other nations had gone. With the diplomatic business of half a dozen legations thrust suddenly upon his shoulders he still gave most of his time to Belgium. "Ouvoirs" where clothing could be made, soup kitchens where any Belgian could find food so long as the supply lasted, hospitals and refuges found encouragement and active assistance from him. But his first great service to Belgium was not his interest in these *œuvres de bienfaisance*. It was the feeling which he inspired in all the Belgians, high and low, that *somebody cared*.

We have called this his first great service. The second was his share in the establishment of that marvelous American organization, the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Had Mr. Whitlock been a more prudent man, more selfish, more timid, he could have crippled if not actually killed the Commission at the start. Not that anybody would have wished to kill it, or to hamper its usefulness; but the scheme was so daring, so hopelessly risky, that any man might have been justified in shying at it. In November, 1914, the time came when someone in Belgium had to assume personally the responsibility for the lives and fortunes of some six million men, women and children. Mr. Whitlock was that man. And until October, 1915, every pound of food which entered Belgium under the American flag and through the medium of the Commission for Relief was consigned to the American Minister, was receipted for by him or by his deputies, and was granted the diplomatic immunities belonging to a Minister's personal property. This was as a guarantee that the food should go to Belgians and to no one else. For the observance of this guarantee and for every other important matter incident to the immense operations of victualing the Belgians and, more recently, the 3,000,000 people in the north of France, the American Minister in Brussels has been personally responsible.

Mr. Whitlock comes home tried as few men have been tried in this war. His health has been injured severely, perhaps permanently. The strain of living as he has lived in that military prison-house we once called Belgium has worked terrible hardships on him. He is thinner and grayer, his face looks almost bloodless. He has remained continuously at his post during sixteen months of war, without rest, with scarcely more than an occasional afternoon of relaxation. He has earned a vacation.

But to the average Belgian his departure is nothing short of calamity. The people of Belgium are sure to read into it one more evidence of the ruthless victorious power of their conquerors. They will think of it as one more Belgian defeat, one more German victory. They will face this second winter of the war more despondently and more desperately now that Mr. Whitlock has gone.

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Isolating the Negro

COMPULSORY segregation of the negro through separating his home from that of the white man has recently, as a legislative idea, spread among the Southern cities. Is it sociologically expedient, and is it legal?

Such segregation ordinances are in effect in Baltimore, Louisville, Richmond, Norfolk, Greenville, S. C., and other cities, and some of these have been upheld in local state courts. The Atlanta ordinance of 1913, under which two proceedings had been instituted by negroes to exclude undesirable white neighbors, was obviously drastic in form; it was judicially condemned in February, 1915. The Louisville ordinance makes it unlawful for a person of one color, over formal neighborhood protest in a certain form, to move into a house in any block in which a majority of houses are occupied by persons of the other color. With respect to vacant blocks, the owners of over fifty per cent of the frontage may exclude one color or the other. This leaves ownership untouched and affects no existing occupancy. This seems to be the type of law on the basis of which the issue of segregation, reduced to its lowest terms, will be finally decided by the United States Supreme Court. In that Court segregation of negroes in schools and railroad cars has been upheld, but with qualifications which, applied to city segregation, might serve to bring about its repudiation.

At the trial involving the Louisville ordinance, counsel for the city, with a view to establishing that it was a reasonable exercise of the legislative police power, introduced evidence that the advent of colored residents in white neighborhoods inevitably causes friction, which in some instances has resulted in the enforced withdrawal of the negro family through personal threats or wilful destruction of property. Highly reputable evidence was introduced to the effect that the arrival of a negro family in a white residence block immediately cuts down actual real estate values in such block by from thirty to sixty per cent.

Race distinctions in law or in custom prejudicial to the negro are to be found in nearly all parts of this country. The very phrase "Jim Crow car" seems to have been first used in 1841 with reference to a railroad car in Massachusetts set apart for the use of the negroes. One of the first decisions in the United States upholding the legality of forcing the negro child into a separate school was by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in 1849. All forms of discrimination under sanction of law seem to have been abandoned in that state, but discrimination in fact still exists. In the course of the vocational guidance work now being carried on in the Boston public school system, the authorities have, within the past two years, decided not to teach stenography to young colored women, because investigation seems to prove that positions would not be open to such women in Boston. About eight years ago President Eliot made a public statement with reference to the Boston public schools and Harvard University, to the effect that segregation of the races might prove expedient if the numbers of colored students should become proportionately large. The negro in many of the other Northern states has met treatment not greatly dissimilar from that which he has experienced in Massachusetts, and in some a treatment far more severe. Because race prejudice is such a ubiquitous fact, this latest form of legal race distinction in the South must be regarded with an interest sufficiently sympathetic to make the conditions surrounding it understandable. Let us examine fairly the justification for the ordinance made by progressive Southern men who are interested in the welfare of the negro.

The expression, "Keep the negro in his place," is not heard to any material extent in the rural South, where the mass of the negro population lives. There, generally speaking, you will find few race difficulties; the negro, as a mental survival from slavery, cheerfully accepts the idea of his social inferiority; his problems are born of his shiftlessness, slack morality, and propensity to crimes of violence. The situation in the cities and towns includes these problems, but its most serious aspect is the race issue. The white man's fear of race amalgamation mostly manifests itself as the antipathy of the race which feels itself superior. But it is also realized as a definite element in his social thinking; a fear not that there is an impending danger, but that the social concessions for which the negro is pressing might, through the channel of imperceptible color variations or some other medium, lead to legitimized race mixture, a consummation abhorrent to him both from instinct and from reasoned conviction. Whenever he feels the negro pushing for more social ground, he responds with an irritation from which the negro is always the loser. The course of the challenge, the encounter and the issue, comprise an inevitable psychological cycle which with each revolution tends to bring the race conflict to a more acute stage, and further from adjustment. Many Southerners who have a genuine desire to help the negro contend that his immediate need in cities is to escape those fric-

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tions which throw him backward and interfere with affirmative remedial forces for his improvement; that the negro in Southern cities has recognized this need by voluntary segregation, but that individuals in growing numbers have been led to disregard the present futility and danger of social pressure; and that the segregation law is the necessary counter-move of the white man for preserving peace while he waits to see whether or not the negro may develop in ways which will justify his being given a greater measure of political and social freedom.

But such an ordinance, consonant as its motive may be with a sympathy for the negro and a real desire to help him, should be tested as to its ultimate usefulness and possibly also its legality. There undoubtedly are affirmative remedial influences within the negro race which are in need of encouragement. There is now, in the slow beginnings of its operation, a social force which, if grasped and developed by both races in the next fifty years, may remove one of the horns of this gigantic dilemma. That social force is the dawning respect of the negro for his race. What ambition there is in the negro for racial absorption results from a realization of the staggering burden of economic and political disadvantages which he and his children's children must carry as members of his race. His pressure for equality, so often ill-directed, is his attempt to escape these disadvantages; and it is this pressure which makes the race problem in the urban South. Reduced to barest principles, there seem to be just two theories for dealing with such a situation—either deliberately to keep the negro so degraded that the way for civic justice or legitimized amalgamation could never open to him, or to help him so to gain his self-respect, through granting to him economic and political responsibilities and then privileges, that his ambition for race absorption will subside and tend to disappear.

There are still many supporters in the South for the first method; but its reaction is almost as harmful to the white man as its action is demoralizing to the negro, and it has surely had its day. The second method has not yet been worked out. That the negro can and must be trained into the qualities of individual self-reliance has been implied in the widespread Southern sentiment now supporting industrial education for him. But the most pressing need in the working out of the second method is that the uneducated negro shall develop a thinking respect for law and order. The lawless, irresponsible element in the negro race in the South is the main obstacle to building up its self-respect. There is strong reason to believe that when the negro has learned orderly habits of living and regard for law he will be entrusted in the South with a greater degree of political and social freedom, will develop a confidence in and a respect for his race, will find his own latent instinct for race integrity, and will be less feared as a potential menace to the purity of the Caucasian stock. All serious thinkers, whether for segregation or against it, agree that the negro's self-respect is the condition of his ultimate welfare.

The Southerner who argues for city segregation believes that it will provide the medium in which the character of the negro will develop. Are we, on the sole ground that it infringes upon ideal principles, able to say that this social makeshift is in itself so pernicious as to necessitate condemnation? The problem is charged with such abysmal doubt, danger and suffering that he who would take the responsibility of repudiating a thoughtful plan for its relief is a bold man indeed, especially if he should be without intimate personal knowledge of Southern conditions.

But besides the departure from principles of abstract justice, this plan of legislative relief involves other perils. There are, of course, the general dangers inherent in the psychology of resentment. How far will the negro's self-respect suffer here? Further possibilities lie in attempts to extend the once-admitted principle of segregation into rural districts. Such a movement would almost certainly fail to receive judicial sanction as a reasonable exercise of the state police power, but it would introduce a new element of disturbance into the situation. Many of those who now advocate segregation in the city would resist its adoption in the county as calamitous; but they would find difficulty in making distinctions between the urban and rural problems which should be convincing to the race prejudice aroused by the Southern demagogue. There is a danger also in the plan which can thwart the socially constructive purpose behind it. In most American cities, particularly in the South, the negro districts have in the past received a scant share of municipal improvements or service. If the successful negro is not to be allowed to remove himself from conditions which make against self-respect, then the conditions must be removed from him. A refusal to recognize this new obligation will surely bring its bad social reactions; but it may bring something more conclusive, namely, a judicial condemnation of the segregation law itself. The Supreme Court has consistently conditioned its decisions upholding segregation in schools and railway carriages by requiring that the segregated negro shall be furnished with facilities equal to those which the white man enjoys. The Court has also, since its decision in Yick Wo v. Hopkins in 1886, recognized the principle that a city ordinance constitutional on its face is an illegal denial of equal protection of the laws if it is enforced by city officials so as operate

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with unjustifiable discrimination against a particular class of citizens. This principle has so far been applied to an ordinance only where the conditions of inequality are created by officers acting with discretionary power under the particular ordinance; but we may well expect that the Court, if the proper situation should arise, would apply that principle so as to condemn a segregation law where the city can be held responsible for conditions which cause it to operate unfairly against negroes. Of course the Supreme Court may, on this or some other line of reasoning, repudiate the law from the outset. But assuming that the law is held constitutional under the police power, the Yick Wo case shows that it will still behoove a segregation city to improve the living environment of its negroes, not only as a consideration of sociological expediency, but also as a matter of legal necessity.

But segregation cities, in connection with these new obligations, have now a great constructive opportunity. With their more rigidly located negro communities, the time has come for them to show to the urban and rural South the immense promise for race adjustment which lies in giving to the negro a large measure of responsibility for the order and orderliness of his own people. The idea of self-respect through responsibility does not in the least need segregation as a basis for its validity. Application of that idea would be practicable anywhere, and should have been undertaken years ago throughout the South. But wherever the courts of public opinion sanction this new form of segregation, the city which enforces it is peculiarly called upon to develop this constructive idea. The use of negro police, with authority over members of their own race, already in use in some Southern cities, is the starting-point for increasing the negro's respect for law. But there can be no doubt that negro commissioners of public safety, public works and sanitation, who would be paid officials and who would work among their own people under the direction of, or as officers in, the city departments, would intensify the negro's concern for his living conditions, and for his own proper part in American city life. By this principle of self-stimulus, more than any other, we can hope to prepare the ground in which the inner forces at work for the individual and civic character of the negro will flourish.

LOUIS B. WEHLE.

[*Note:* An article by the late Booker T. Washington arguing against segregation will appear in our issue of December 4th.]

War's Effect on England's Leaders

ARE the professors, I wonder, still setting college essays on that ancient theme, that democracies are unfitted to conduct a war? The solution has been found in Britain and France, and it seems to be that fifty per cent of democracy can manage it. We are not agreed as to which half is the better fitted to survive, but the agreement is more important than the difference. In France it is the press which is muzzled; in Britain it is Parliament which is effaced. That there is a severe military censorship in both countries is inevitable, and that it is as stupid and unpopular as censorships always are need not be emphasized. There is a difference, however. In France it extends to politics. It suppresses newspapers wholesale. It hacks the prose of an ex-Premier as ruthlessly as the effusions of a syndicalist leader. It even censors the reports of the parliamentary debates. In England it has not dared to lay its fingers on the political leader-writer, and although party is banished, he writes with all his wonted " effusion and confusion." Matthew Arnold's prophecy is being verified, and one sometimes thinks of the illustrious Arminius von Thunder-ten-Troncleh and his epigram about our attachment to liberty to play the fool, and publicity to tell all the world that we are doing it. The justification for this outspokenness of the press is that Parliament has virtually abdicated. A few rebels conduct an obscure guerilla warfare at question time, but the real and salutary work of criticism is done outside. It was the Lords and not the Commons who preserved some fragments of our civil liberties under the Defence of the Realm act. It was the trade unions that killed industrial conscription as Mr. Lloyd George designed it. It was the *Times* which forced the government, six months after France, to face the problem of munitions. If the Commons have at last debated the Dardanelles miscalculation and the Balkan muddle, they were acting as the spokesmen of newspapers which stood behind them. The French plan is probably wiser. The Chamber has preserved its authority and independence. It acted, indeed, for the most part in private through its Budget committees, but these have been energetic, vigilant and well-informed. The real reason for the fall of M. Viviani's Cabinet was the tactlessness and reserve of MM. Delcassé and Millerand, who had failed to work frankly with these committees. The significance of M. Briand's Cabinet is simply that it is pledged to work with them. Democracy can manage in wartime to breathe with one lung; it cannot afford to lose both.

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The result of the abdication of Parliament and the suspension of party warfare is that our British internal controversies are apt to shape themselves into a kind of duel between the *Times* and the Coalition. It is constantly shifting its ground, and Lord Northcliffe has become in our rapid annals a species of king-maker. He it was who pointed to Lord Kitchener as the only possible Minister of War, and he it is who demands his supersession. He destroyed the Liberal government on the munitions issue and is now trying to upset the Coalition on its record in the Balkans. Kronos devours his own children a little too rapidly for the public taste; we Englishmen are a slow race, and dislike these quick luncheons. The Stock Exchange burned the *Daily Mail* for its attack on Lord Kitchener, and the British tradition of loyalty has now rallied so firmly against these attacks that many a good case and a valid criticism is injured by this unpopular advocacy. For my part, much as I dislike the Northcliffe newspapers, I do not share the current Liberal view of them. They have taken an unpopular line, and they have incurred heavy financial loss by it. I see no reason to doubt the patriotism of their assaults on the brainless optimism and the policy of concealment which has survived everything but the last Russian reverses. Their pessimism, their criticism of Lord Kitchener, their advocacy of conscription—none of these was popular. It was not "what the public wants," and commercially it did not pay. The conscriptionist campaign was to my thinking a stupid and perilous adventure, but it did reflect the honest blundering alarm of our southern middle class. The steadier and more thoughtful north was barely touched by it.

The result of this unpopular record is that when the *Times* and the *Morning Post* have a really good case, as they have when they dissect the government's record over the Dardanelles and Salonica expeditions, they encounter a reluctance to agree with them, even when they are manifestly in the right. Nothing is achieved in war by men who refuse risks. The rashness of the Dardanelles adventure might be pardoned, but the lack of moral courage which refuses to abandon it is much harder to forgive. The balance of military argument seems to me decidedly against the Salonica expedition, and this is, I believe, the universal opinion of travelers who know the topography of the region, as I think I may claim to do. But the political and emotional argument for a wholehearted support of Serbia is also strong. A government which had taken either line decidedly would have a case. But this government has only wavered and delayed. First it promised support and neglected to prepare it. Then it sent 13,000 men and said it knew that it was too late to send more. Finally, moved by General Joffre's personal appeals, it has decided to send a large expedition which may arrive in time to harass the Bulgarians, but must come too late to save the Serbs.

The *Times* began by saying that it wanted a smaller Cabinet. It was a polite circumlocution, and it flattered the general prejudice in favor of a dictatorship in time of war. This formula, however, was a mere evasion. Those who advocated it certainly did not mean to demand a small Cabinet which would be dominated even more completely by the personalities of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey and Lord Kitchener, with Mr. Lloyd George, perhaps, to give its secrets away. They had in view some combination more daring, a good deal younger, and much readier to embark on extreme policies. Lord Curzon, who has never quite stepped down from his Indian elephant, Sir Edward Carson, whose career as a rebel has awakened in him the dormant man of action, and Mr. Lloyd George, bent on emulating the record of Mr. Chamberlain, would be the leaders of such a team.

The plan does not allure. Mr. Asquith is the indispensable Prime Minister, because his rivals are so obviously impossible. His training has not fitted him to conduct a war. I suppose he is, in his unimaginative, limited, mechanical way, one of the ablest men in England. He used to compose admirably frigid Latin verses. He could argue formidably from a brief. He could turn the House of Commons round his little finger. He is a cold failure, with his set written speeches, on a public platform. His mind works quickly and adroitly in emergencies to which it has been trained. He never had the gift of foresight. He never did the constructive work of planning policies. He was neither fertile in ideas nor receptive of them. His task was to intervene after a debate, with the manager's tact, the smoother's instinct, and to make the kind of speech which would keep a majority together. A certain dignity, a rather forbidding reserve, a trick of suggesting deep sagacity which is only plain common sense, has served him well. In real crises which called for will and power he had always been lacking—when the struggle with the Lords required firm dealing with the Crown, for example, and again in the Ulster trouble. He is the sublimated lawyer, for whom "deeds" are words. He trusts to the old Parliamentary hand's habit of improvisation. When it comes to half-past eleven and the House fills for the impending division he will know what to say. Up to that moment his formula is the notorious "Wait and see." This is about the worst training one can conceive for the conduct of a great war. One cannot cope with the German General Staff as one crushes opponents in St. Stephen's lobbies.

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Mr. Asquith will none the less weather the storm. Sir Edward Grey in smoother days used to seem his only possible Liberal successor. But Sir Edward Grey has been obscured in the mists of the Balkan muddle. Time was when the handsome presence, the musical voice, the simple speech, could mesmerize the House of Commons. His sway is over. It is not, I think, that he is less adequate or more reserved than of old. His speeches, perfect in form, were always slight in matter. But before the war he talked to an ignorant audience. To-day the whole nation has taken to the study of foreign politics. Workingmen read pamphlets, and even members of Parliament pick up much information in the smoking-room. The result is that Sir Edward Grey's explanations seem jejune and a little helpless. Mr. Lloyd George has cut himself adrift. He has offended the workingmen, whom he never understood, for he was always a Welsh agrarian democrat and never an English industrial Radical. He has sapped the faith of old-fashioned Liberals by his advocacy of conscription, and rumor declares that he is equally unsound on free trade. Emotional, unstable, and ill-provided with the instincts that save a man from sins against his comrades and colleagues, he is rather valued as a platform asset than trusted as a leader. Lord Curzon has a lordly manner with Indians. Sir Edward Carson awakens the reverberations of the Orange drum. These men would divide us and shatter in a new warfare our party truce. To the safe Tory leaders no one turns. Mr. Balfour has all the indolence and indecision of Mr. Asquith, with a fastidiousness and aloofness of his own. Lord Lansdowne was never a popular leader, though he has all the old hereditary Whig instinct for government. Mr. Bonar Law has revolted Liberals by his violence of language, while the aristocrats of his own party disdain his simplicity, and its intellectuals smile at his maladroitness. A democracy demands a leader whom it knows. The choice is restricted; and Mr. Asquith, dilatory, pachydermatous, limited, but dignified, respectable and serene, stands with all his errors round his neck, still head and shoulders above his rivals. He may not be the man to outwit the Germans, but he is the man to wear down a British opposition. Democracy in wartime has its own instinct of self-preservation.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

Reform In Philadelphia

THIS is not an appreciation of reform, it is not an explanation or lament. It is a mere story of how reform rose and fell in Philadelphia. Reform was beaten down at the election of November second, and Philadelphia celebrated all night in honor of the event. There were, of course, other issues in the campaign. The tariff was against the reform party like a strong trade wind blowing in its face. There was also religion that went whispering hoarsely through the city. But the issue of reform is the one that will undoubtedly be remembered longest, and on that issue Philadelphia had its mind made up.

Four years ago, when Rudolph Blankenburg was elected mayor, reform in Philadelphia had reached its summit. It was the result of a succession of vigorous rebellious movements dating back to 1905, through which a strong group had been developed who were hungry for the cleaning up of the city's government. They were nourished on speeches full of high civic purpose, which glorified honesty in the administration of the city's affairs. There was little else for them to be nourished upon, for the city, state and nation were in the hands of the Republican organization. The persistency of these rebels had been extraordinary. Year after year they were defeated, yet they always came back for more. Division men worked their precincts and stood manfully at the polls on election day, and citizens of an independent cast came out year after year and voted religiously against the "Gang"; and at last came "The Day."

There were a dozen factors that went to make up the success of the election in 1911, but at the back of them all was the insistent demand for reform. It was a conjurer's word in those days. The city was exalted by it, poor and rich alike. Everyone was willing to do his share, and the candidate for mayor added the climax. He was a magnificent figure to follow—a white-bearded Teutonic warrior, full of enthusiasm. For thirty years he had been a stalwart and inspiring character in every effort for better things. They called him affectionately "the old war-horse of reform," and "the Old Dutch Cleanser." He was a strong campaigner who thrilled men, even the lowest, with a sense of something superbly earnest and sincere, and swept them away with him in a plea for a non-partisan business administration.

After the victory there was a new spirit in the air. Philadelphia seemed to have wakened on the morning after election to find that it owned its own city. Meek citizens were seized with a new confidence and asserted their rights, officeholders ac-

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quired a new spirit of docility. Every man who had struggled in the ranks of the rebels saw his record of effort and self-sacrifice magnified to large proportions. He treated his former political antagonists with condescension based upon his new sense of potential power. The new administration was his administration. In ward committee meetings, ward leaders emphasized the importance of filing complaints of political activity against officeholders, the penalty for which under the law was dismissal, in order that the " Old Dutch Cleanser " might get to work promptly. " There is need for honest men in City Hall," they explained. " There will be so many holes there presently that we cannot find pegs enough to fit them all." Each man seemed to see in the changed conditions opportunity for fulfilment of some hope of his own, and looked for free and welcome admission to any and every office in City Hall for the expression of it.

The new mayor took his oath of office on the first Monday of December, 1911. Several days after the inauguration an impatient ward delegation called in force upon him to advocate the appointment of their ward leader to a certain position. It received no satisfaction; the mayor declined to interview political committees. A tremor of doubt ran through the other wards, lessened only by the thought that the mayor was " getting his bearings " and perhaps the delegation was not made up of " real reformers."

In the second week of the administration the convention of the National Civil Service Reform League was held. The mayor spoke. Invitations had been sent to the reform ward committeemen throughout the city, and they came and listened to the new mayor—their mayor—and heard him say:

> I have preached for nearly thirty years—now I mean to practice. . . . The spoilsman will have to take a back seat—I care not under what label he is traveling, whether he is labeled Republican, Democrat, Keystoner, Prohibitionist, Socialist, or what not. It seems almost incredible that it should have taken so many years to convince the intelligent people of our great country, the intelligent people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the intelligent people of the city of Philadelphia, that it pays to have real civil service and practice it. The statement was made by me during the campaign, and it has been emphasized since our great victory, that the merit system will hold sway in Philadelphia while I am mayor.

It was astounding doctrine. There was thin applause from the members of the League, but many of the ward workers arose at the conclusion of the speech and went silently away. Civil service reform was a little-known cult in Philadelphia then. There was a civil service law which looked very fine on the statute books, but it made small impression on appointments to office. In Philadelphia political job and public employment were synonymous terms. They were favors granted, not occupations. And now, at the moment of triumph, this mild, meek civil service thing began to loom like the genii of the fisherman's bottle, and cast a shadow over the city.

Mutterings in ward committees and at meetings were stilled by leaders who believed that speeches were meant as an imposing front and for the satisfaction of the press, but that a back door would presently open through which the faithful might enter. They argued forcefully, " The mayor cannot let his organization go to pieces. He must prepare to control the legislature next year or he will be ripped out of office, and he must prepare to capture councils the year following and to perpetuate himself in a successor at the end of his administration." But month succeeded month, there was no wholesale decapitation, no sign of an effort to build an organization; simply talk of work proposed, of putting the city's administrative plant in good working order, and of bright schemes for its development. The hope of recognition died hard, but it died, and the mutterings were unrestrained.

Ward meetings now turned ferocious. It was a serious thing for men who had struggled and suffered for years to find themselves, after a great victory, of no more consequence in the city's government than they had been before, to find that officeholders who had fought them still continued to hold office. Their bitterness was intense. They felt that the mayor was their mayor, the man they had elected, and that he had deceived and betrayed them. There were not a great many of them, perhaps, but they believed as Philadelphia largely believed, and their rancor ran like poison through the city. The city committee of the Keystone party, which was the title under which the reform party in the city had elected the mayor, flickered up and called the mayor a " Benedict Arnold, an ingrate "; and then passed away as a real factor in the political situation, leaving the mayor with no organization at his back, and nothing but an appeal to an independent citizenry as his weapon.

The administration went about its business. Men held their places as long as they did their work well. New men were appointed only after careful examination. Novel principles were injected into all departments. Time-honored grafts were eliminated. City employees who had wandered in carelessly between nine and ten o'clock and had quit at three were ordered to report at nine and to remain until four, and subsequently until five o'clock. Office furniture of ponderous awkwardness disappeared. Filing-cases appeared in an institution that had been innocent of them. Partitions were erected in vast, scarcely occupied spaces. Clean, active young men appeared at desks in partitioned offices, where insolent, lounging fellows had been wont to smoke pipes

MASSACHUSETTS

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in lofty-ceilinged spaciousness. Girl stenographers took dictation; formerly there had been no place that could be wasted on a woman. In the highway bureau one engineer was found. Shortly there were a hundred and eighty-one. Philadelphia was embarked on a business, non-partisan career.

Some of the lounging old fellows who were dismissed were discovered to be veterans of the war, with a more or less clouded record, and some of the engineers employed were imported, possibly from New York or elsewhere. These were two additional squirts of poison into the city's veins.

In 1913 came the test of the administration's popularity. Certain county offices were to be filled and councilmen were to be elected. It was a dull campaign. Meetings were slimly attended and lukewarm. No candidate dared plead for a non-partisan administration. Each emphasized the fact that his office was not covered by the city's civil service law, but even this suggestion met with little enthusiasm; the stalwarts had been fooled once, they were cautious about believing again. They sulked and were listless; they grumbled, "The mayor did nothing for us, why should we do anything for him?" It was argued that the Blankenburg administration was honest. People admitted it, but were not warmed. The administration gave out stories showing its achievements in the elimination of waste and graft, and the inauguration of ambitious projects. But the people were indifferent; they did not trouble themselves to vote. And the organization ticket carried overwhelmingly.

The City Council, which had purred about the mayor in the early stages of his administration like a house cat, gathered an organization strength that enabled it to pass ordinances over his veto as readily as it passed them originally. It locked horns with the mayor, interfered with everything he undertook, scorned his messages. The mayor appealed to the citizenry for support and got none. The answer was, "Didn't we give him power to put those fellows out of business when we elected him? He should have driven them out of town. He didn't do it. It is his lookout." To the men who had been active in politics the situation was not without consolation. They remarked, "He didn't stand by his friends; he didn't build up an organization. Now look at him. We told you so."

Yet the administration accomplished remarkable results. The city government as a working business machine was made over from a slovenly, easygoing, wasteful, grafting affair to one that might be compared almost favorably with a private corporation. It planned and secured the beginning of projects of harbor development and rapid transit of a scope that had never been conceived by any other administration. The mayor stands ready to turn over to his successor a foundation for the greatest constructive work the city has ever known. The people by a vote of two to one directed him to turn it over to the Republican organization. There is no reverence for reform in Philadelphia. The city has gone back to itself.

One of the ward transparencies in the glorious celebration on the night of November second last gave Philadelphia's real tenet of belief. It bore the inscription: "We stand by Pat Ryan. He stands by his friends."

The Rights of Small Nations

I WAS having my passport viséd in the Bulgarian consulate at Bucharest when Frank came in on the same errand. I knew at once that he was an American. The tides of immigration had washed his blood, the Leyendecker brothers had influenced the cut of his nose and jaw, and his look and walk were direct and unsophisticated. He was blond, youthful, "clean-cut." Beneath the tweed imitation English clothes that Rumanian tailors affect, his body was the body of a college sprinter not yet gone soft, as economically built as a wild animal's.

As instinctively, too, as an animal, for he was not observant, he flared in me a kinsman, and said "Hello" with the superior inflection of one Anglo-Saxon greeting another in the presence of foreign and inferior peoples. He was a communicative boy, too long away from home to be suspicious of Americans. If I were going by the one-thirty train to Sofia, he said, we might travel together. He himself had been working for the Romano-Americano Oil Company—a subsidiary alias for Standard Oil—for two years, in the Rumanian petroleum-fields near Ploeshti. And as we walked down the street together he said that he was going to England to enlist in the army and fight.

"What for?" I cried out in astonishment.

"Well," he said earnestly, looking at me with troubled eyes and shaking his head, "there's a bunch of Englishmen out at Ploeshti, and they told me all about it. I don't care—perhaps it is foolish, like everybody says out in our camp, but I can't help it. I've got to go. I think it was a dirty trick to violate the neutrality of Belgium."

"The neutrality of Belgium!" said I, with a sense of awe at the preposterous possibilities of human nature.

"Yes," he rushed on, "it makes me hot to think of a little country like Belgium and a big bully of a country like Germany. It's a damn shame! England is fighting for the rights of small nations, and I don't see how anybody can keep out of it that's got any guts!"

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Some hours later I saw him on the station platform, talking to a thin, plain girl in a yellow cotton dress, who wept and powdered her nose simultaneously. His face was flushed and frowning, and he spat out his words the way a strong man does when he's angry at his dog, his servant, or his wife. The girl wept monotonously; sometimes she touched him with a timid, hungry gesture, but he shook off her hand.

He caught sight of me and brusquely quitted her, coming over with a shamefaced expression. He was evidently worried and exasperated. "Be with you as soon as I get rid of this damn woman," he said, brutally masculine. "They can't leave a man alone, can they?"

Lighting a cigarette he swaggered back to where she stood staring fixedly out along the track, her handkerchief crammed in her mouth, making a desperate effort to control herself. She had on excessively high-heeled slippers, such as Rumanian street-walkers wore that year, and carried a leather wrist-bag; everything about her was shabby. Her young breasts were flat, starved, and her knotted hair thin and dull. I knew that only a very unattractive girl could fail to make a living in Bucarest, where they boast more prostitutes to the square male than any other city in the world.

Her eyes involuntarily leaped to his face; she began to shake. Frank dug into his pockets in a surly way, pulled out a roll of banknotes, and peeled off two. The girl stiffened, went white and rigid; her eyes blazed. Her outstretched hand with the money was like a loaded gun. But suddenly the dull red crept up her cheek like pain, and she clutched the bills and burst into violent sobbing. After all, she had to live.

My compatriot threw me a comic, despairing look and glowered at her. "What do you want?" he growled in harsh, unpleasant Rumanian. "I don't owe you anything. What are you bawling for? Run along home now. Good-bye." He gave her a little clumsy push. She took two or three steps and stopped, as if she had no power to move further. And some instinct or some memory gave him a flash of understanding. He put his hands on her shoulders suddenly, and kissed her on the mouth. "Good-bye," said the girl, brokenly, and she ran.

We rattled south over the flat, hot plain, past wretched villages of mud huts roofed with filthy straw, halting long at little stations where the docile gaunt peasants in ragged white linen gaped stupidly at the train. The rich hectic whiteness of Bucarest vanished abruptly out of a world where people starved in hopeless misery.

"I don't understand women," Frank was saying. "You can't get rid of 'em when you're finished. Now I had that girl for about nine months. I gave her a good home to live in and better food to eat than she ever got in her life, and money—why, she spent on dresses and hats and postage stamps about a hundred and fifty dollars. But do you think she had any gratitude? Not her. When I got sick of her she thought she had a mortgage on the place—said she wasn't going to go. I had to push her out. Then afterward she began to write me hard-luck letters—nothing but a game to get money out of me. Fall for it? Of course I didn't fall for it. I'm not so easy as that. This morning I ran into her when I came up to take the train, and I swear I couldn't shake that skirt all day. Crying—ugh!"

"Where did you get her?" I asked.

"Her? Oh, I just picked her up on the street in Ploeshti.... You bet she'd never been with another fellow! That's dangerous." He looked at me, and a vague uncomfortableness made him desirous of justifying himself. "You see, out in the oil-fields every fellow has his own house. And you've got to eat and get washing done and have a clean place to live, of course. So everybody gets a girl to cook, wash, take care of the house and live with him. It's hard to get one who suits you all around. I've tried three, and I know fellows who've had six or eight; take 'em in, try 'em, kick 'em out.

"Pay? Why you don't pay 'em anything. First place they live with you, don't they? And then they've got a house and food, and you buy their clothes for them. Nothing doing in the salary line. They might beat it with the money. No, that's the way you keep 'em on their good behavior. If they don't do what they're told, you shut down on their clothes."

I wanted to know if any of these *ménages* lasted.

"Well," said Frank, "there's Jordan. He's got the most beautiful house in our camp; you ought to see that place. But of course he leads a pretty lonely life, because only the unmarried boys ever come to see him; sometimes a married man, but never with his wife. Jordan's been living with a girl for eleven years—a Rumanian girl he took just like we take ours—and of course nobody will have anything to do with him. He's the cleverest guy in the company, that man, but they can't promote him while he lives like that. A high official out here has got to be more or less of a social light, you know. So he's sat there for years and seen man after man that isn't worth a quarter what he is passed over his head."

"Why doesn't he marry her?"

"What!" said Frank, surprised, "*that* kind of a woman? After her living with him all that time? Nobody would associate with her. She's not decent."

"Doesn't it hurt *your* prospects to live with women?"

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"Oh, us! No, that's different. Everybody knows about us and thinks it's all right, so long as we don't go around with the girls in public. You see, we're young fellows. It's only when you get about thirty that you must get married. I'm twenty-five."

"Then in five years——"

He nodded his yellow head. "I'll begin to think about getting a wife. But that's purely a business proposition. There's no use marrying—of course a real man has to have a woman once in a while, I know that, but I mean there's no use tying yourself up—unless you can get something good out of it. I'm going to pick a good-looker, with no scandal about her and a social pull that will help me in my job. Down South there's plenty of girls like that. I don't need her money—I can make a pretty good salary in a couple of years; and besides, if your wife has an income of her own she's liable to want to do what she pleases, don't you think so?"

"I think that's a rotten way to look at it," said I with heat. "If I lived with a girl, whether we were married or not, I'd make her my equal, financially and every other way." Frank laughed. "And as for your plans for marriage, how can you marry anyone you don't love?"

"Oh, love!" Frank shrugged his shoulders with annoyance and looked out of the window. "Hell, if you're going to get sentimental . . ."

JOHN REED.

Making Minorities Count

THE old problem of representative government is to secure a deliberative body through which the majority of the electorate may control, and at the same time ensure representation to the substantial minority groups of public opinion. Has the little city of Ashtabula, Ohio, solved this problem, and incidentally shown the way to the ultimate type of city government in the United States? There is more than a fair chance that it has.

Early in 1914 Ashtabula chose a commission to frame a new city charter, as permitted by the home rule provisions of the Ohio constitution. This body was favorable to the commission-manager plan of government with a council elected at large. The objection was at once made that a council so elected would probably represent only one party, and that this was not desirable if the council was to choose the manager, who was expected to be a permanent, expert, non-political official. One quiet, unassuming member of the commission saw a way out. This was W. E. Boynton, an engineer on the Lake Shore Railroad, who proposed that the council be chosen by proportional representation. Most members of the commission had never before heard of proportional representation. When it was explained to them, several accepted the idea as sound in theory, but in the end it was rejected as too novel and radical.

The charter submitted to the voters in November, 1914, provided for a council of seven, to be nominated by a five per cent petition, and elected at large upon a non-partisan ballot. The charter was adopted, and Mr. Boynton at once set about to initiate a proportional representation amendment. This amendment was voted on last August, and though the vote was light, proportional representation carried in all but five of the fifteen precincts of the city. Ashtabula elected its first council under the amended charter on November 2, 1915.

The theory of proportional representation is that each considerable party or group of opinion should be represented in the council or legislative body in the proportion of its voting strength. Thus if in an election at which seven representatives are to be chosen, the Democrats cast four-sevenths, the Republicans two-sevenths, and the Socialists one-seventh of the vote, those parties should be represented in the council by four, two, and one representative respectively. If the division of opinion is not along party lines, the actual divisions should nevertheless be represented in proportion to the number of voters in each.

In Ashtabula the lines of division in the recent election had little to do with national parties, except that there was a Socialist group. There was first the question of local representation. The harbor district lies at some distance from the city proper, and under the old ward plan had always been represented by one member of the council. Under the usual plan of election at large it would probably not have been represented at all. There is also the question of nationalities. The city has a large foreign element, the chief groups being the Irish, Italians, Swedes, and Finns. The voters are also sharply divided on the liquor issue, the city swaying first to the dry and then to the wet side. Finally there is the question of adequate representation for the substantial business element of the community. It is interesting to note the extent to which these various groups and interests secured representation at the election just past.

The plan of proportional representation adopted in Ashtabula is the Hare system. There are seven members of the council. Candidates get their

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names on the ballot by filing a petition signed by two per cent of the voters. The ballot has no party marks, and the names are rotated. At the left of each name is a square in which the voter marks his preference by placing the figure 1 opposite the name of his first choice, 2 opposite the name of his second choice, and so on. He may mark as many preferences as he pleases, but a ballot can count for only one candidate. To determine the number of votes necessary for election to the council the total number of valid ballots is divided by eight, and the whole number next higher than this quotient is taken as the number of votes required to elect. This number is chosen because it is the smallest that can be taken seven, but not eight, times from the total. In Ashtabula the total number of valid ballots cast was 2972. This number divided by 8 gives a quotient of 371 1-2. The next highest whole number is therefore 372, the number of votes required for election. The number so established is known as the "quota."

In counting the votes the procedure is as follows: If upon counting the first-choice votes any candidate is found to have received the full quota or more, he is at once declared elected. Any votes which such a candidate has above the quota are then transferred, according to the highest available choice marked on such ballots, to candidates not already elected. It may happen that several candidates receive more than the necessary quota. In that case the surplus votes are transferred to other candidates in the order of size of the surplus.

Whenever during the transfer of votes the number of ballots for any candidate equals the quota, he is declared elected and no further votes are transferred to him. When all surplus votes are transferred, if enough candidates to fill all the places have not reached the quota, the lowest on the list is dropped and his votes are transferred in like manner. This process continues until the required number of candidates have received the quota, or until, by dropping the low men, only seven remain.

At Ashtabula there were fourteen candidates. Classified according to nationality, two were Swedes, two Finns, one was Irish, one Italian, and eight might be classed as plain Americans. There were seven business men, one clerk and paymaster, one saloonkeeper, one baggageman, one railway engineer, one attorney, one newspaperman, and one physician. While there were Republicans and Democrats on the ballot, there was no intimation of party division except that one candidate was a Socialist. The harbor district had at least three candidates. Seven candidates were members of the present council.

The election went off quietly. There being no important issues at stake the vote was relatively light. A vote of 3600 would have been large. The total number of ballots cast was 3314, and of this number 362 were either blank or invalid. It was generally prophesied that the Board of Elections would have difficulty in counting the ballots. Even the ardent advocates of the system feared this, yet when it came to the actual work of the count there was no trouble whatever. Although the Board of Elections was inexperienced and without proper office equipment for handling such a count, the transfer and tabulation of the vote was accomplished in about three hours. At no time were the election officials in serious doubt concerning the steps to be taken.

The result of the election is its most interesting feature. The first eight candidates arranged in the order of their first choice votes were: McClure, 393, Hogan, 322, McCune, 309, Gudmundson, 292, Earlywine, 289, Rinto, 237, Briggs, 211, Corrado, 196. Only McClure had votes above the required quota, and he had twenty to spare. Apparently no one expected him to win on first count. He is a young, clean, aggressive business man, never before in politics. The transfer of McClure's surplus votes elected no one, and the count proceeded by dropping the low man, and distributing his votes to the remaining candidates. By this process Hogan and McCune were raised to the full quota and declared elected. The remainder of the vote was so distributed that the last four members were chosen by the gradual elimination of the low men. In this process Briggs moved up from seventh to sixth place, and Corrado, representing the Italians, nosed out Rinto, a young Finnish attorney. Corrado has been a member of the city council for many years, and is well known. He is a saloonkeeper, and represents the wet interests as well as the Italian vote. Rinto is not well known except in his own section. His election over Corrado would have improved the quality of the council, but would have made it less representative. With one exception the seven candidates standing highest on first-choice votes were elected. McCune, Hogan and Corrado are members of the present city council.

How well do the men chosen represent the city? McClure is manager of a department in one of the large stores, Hogan is one of the leading physicians of Ashtabula, McCune is a greenhouse man, Gudmundson is assistant cashier of a bank in the harbor district, Earlywine is clerk and paymaster of a large ore company, Briggs is a newspaperman, and Corrado is a saloonkeeper. The business element may be said to have three representatives. The Irish, Swedes and Italians each elected a member of the council. The Socialists elected one member. The harbor district is represented. On the liquor issue three of the successful candidates are pronounced

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drys, three are classed as liberal, and one as very wet. The opinion in Ashtabula seems to be that, taking both quality and representative character into consideration, a better choice could hardly have been made from the candidates; that the new council will contain more ability than the present one elected on the ward plan, and that it will also be more representative of the entire body of voters. Before the election the two daily papers were inclined to look askance at the new system. The day after the count one of them declared: "The drys and wets are represented. The Protestants and Catholics, the business, professional and laboring men, the Republicans, Democrats and Socialists, the English, Swedes and Italians, all are represented. It would be hard to select a more representative council in any other way." The other paper stated: "It is generally conceded that it has given Ashtabula a broadly representative council, probably the most representative body in the city's history, and that is the real aim of the Hare system." Yes, I think it may be said that Ashtabula has shown other cities how to elect a council in such a manner as to provide suitable representation for all parties and interests.

Under the plan which this city has adopted the majority will control, but the minority or minorities will have representation in proportion to their importance, and the quality of the council may be expected steadily to improve. When groups of opinion come to understand that if they have a little more than one-eighth of the votes they cannot be denied representation in the council, their ablest representatives will be willing to become candidates. Men of high professional and business training will stand for election to the council, because they will be sure that if they really represent their element they will win. Gerrymandering and a portion of the other political wire-pulling will disappear. Parties will tend to find a basis on principle rather than largely on patronage as at the present time. With a council chosen by proportional representation the last serious objection to the city manager idea disappears, and the way is opened for permanent expert service in city administration and for the elimination of politics from that part of our city governments. Proportional representation will provide a council which may properly be allowed to choose a city manager—a council whose members stand for policies and the fundamental interests of the community, rather than for a more or less artificial party organization. Ashtabula has a short ballot, the manager-plan, and a council chosen by proportional representation.

But the Ashtabula experiment with proportional representation has promise beyond the domain of city government. The cities are now the only place in this country where any considerable amount of political experimentation is possible. They are making the largest contributions to our knowledge of new governmental devices. This is especially true of the cities in those states which, like Ohio, have granted their municipalities a large measure of freedom. Far from the cities modeling their governments after the state plan, there is now a noticeable tendency for the states to draw their inspiration from the cities. It is possible that Ashtabula has started a movement which will end in the reform of the present inequitable and demoralizing method of choosing the members of state legislatures and the lower house of Congress.

AUGUSTUS R. HATTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Turtle Underneath

SIR: A bulletin of the American Association for International Conciliation, bearing the title, "The Fundamental Causes of the World War," should cause a stir. If one believes in the meaning and potency of words, here is something to study amidst the plethora of war journalism.

So we open it with a kind of breathless haste; we are to find truth new, and searching and approaching the absolute. We read:

"We have never had a real peace. . . . This war is nothing else than the logical result of the kind of peace which we possess."

Good! And we read on to learn about "the kind of peace which we possess." But it is all vague and nebulous. It seems to mean, so far as it means anything definite, merely that the nations of Europe were ready for war. This can hardly be regarded as new any more than it is fundamental. We have all laughed at the ancients for explaining that the earth rested on the shoulders of Atlas, Atlas on an elephant, and the elephant on a turtle. Dr. Fried has found the elephant, but has not looked for the turtle, and does not even suspect that the turtle requires a footing. Militarism rests upon national distrust and Surplus Profits; Surplus Profits rest upon the Capitalistic system of production. Perhaps he really does suspect the presence of the turtle, for he concludes: "The only thing we need is the destruction of anarchy and the only end of the war which can satisfy us will be a general realization that after this war the old peace which caused it must not be allowed to return, that not the respective states are the enemy, but that the conditions under which they have been living heretofore and which have oppressed and crushed them, really constitute the great common enemy."

This is fine, and true, but nebulous. What are the conditions which oppress and crush? The payment of a war tax in times of peace? The diversion from the public good of large sums of money for armaments? These are silly elephants to be sure, but to replace them by some other grotesque beast from the menagerie, leaving the turtle below and whatever is beneath the turtle, would be only a more or less uninteresting exercise in comparative biology. The turtle is the real objective point. The capitalistic system of production is upholding war. What stands under the turtle? I would make a hazard that it is the goat.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

St. Paul.

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Books and Things

SEVEN he may have been, or almost nine perhaps, when at last he accepted nature's refusal to build his body like a patrician's. His surrender was slow. He visited the looking-glass many times after it ought to have convinced him that his upper lip would never be short enough. Defeat was not final until one morning in late winter, when hurriedly and in fear of spies, after finding the very thinnest of the trickles that a reluctant thaw was letting loose down sloping stone slabs, he took off an arctic and a shoe and a stocking, and applied his foot to the right place. Water would not flow under the arch of his foot. His foot had no arch. They had forgotten to make his body like his soul, which felt with Alcibiades and Coriolanus in the story-books, and secretly, not without shame, even when he was reading "The Camp of Refuge" itself, with the insolent Norman invader. Such feelings came and went, to be sure, but they tainted even that other and unsportsmanlike mood in which he saw his regiment, agleam with American bayonets on American rifle-barrels, helping the grateful and astonished Saxons, driving the Normans from Hastings back to their boats, and yet somehow leaving the Normans time to marvel that the young stranger who led their new far-killing enemy should be so like themselves in aristocracy of outline.

When his gaze was turned from himself to his mother, and to the pictures of his dead father, what he saw was equally disappointing. But perhaps the family, although his branch of it had clearly gone wrong outside, did still have a distant patrician root. This self-respecting guess hardened into belief one summer, when a cousin who lived toward the south, in a wonderful region where Unitarians, so her mother said at luncheon, were not "received," came on a brief visit to the old place. This cousin was a consolation. She was older, sure of herself, communicative, and in her remarks about the family slightly palatial. She gave to the difference between people of family and plain people the dignity of a faith one lives by. What she said was much, but not so much as what she hinted. At the end of a hot afternoon, in the dusty dimness of the barn, when they were tired by many attempts to repeat, while in air between the barn beam and the hay, "As I was going home I saw a dead cow," her hints became so plain that he almost understood them. If we had our rights our name would not be what it was. We were not what we seemed. Ours would be a nobler and famous name, if we had our rights. But should we ever have them? Perhaps.

But dreams, they say, are not likely to come true if you stop dreaming them too soon, and by autumn his was over. It had been growing feebler week by week, and when he confided it one evening at bedtime to his mother it was not strong enough to survive her puzzling laughter. She was gentle and sympathetic the next moment, as always, yet the quiet voice in which she told him that the family had been from generation to generation undistinguished, and that his cousin was a little goose, put an end to hope. His desolation was bleak indeed, and might have lasted long if October had not given his ruling passion a more attainable aim. Almost immediately after the new and English governess entered his life he submitted to the yoke of her ideal. She banished from his breakfast table the salt-cellar from which she found him shaking salt upon his omelet, and when the next morning she saw him break an egg at its equator and drop the contents into a transparent glass, she told him such a practice was the height of vulgarity, and gave him a first lesson in the art of eating a scalped egg from its opaque shell. Of course he was too immature to know that his defeated longing for patrician structure or at least for patrician origin was reappearing as a longing for good form.

The snobbishness he was occasionally accused of while at college was only a sign of youth. Not a trace of it showed after he was thirty, by which time he had come to think good form in the United States required him, its votary, to wipe from his demeanor every spot of perception that the form of such acquaintances as life forced upon him was less good than his own. To the uninitiated who spoke of their wives as Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, his way of saying "my wife," although possibly a lesson, was never a rebuke. Loyalty to his own point of view did of course compel him to drop the handle from the names of men who still continued to mister him, but how few detected at its dropping any sound of thankfulness that he was not as they. Without wincing he suffered people to whom he was introduced to say they were pleased to meet him. Moments of revenge upon life were not wholly lacking. Once in a while when visiting Englishmen who had fallen into the wrong hands, who had been badly coached in our manners and customs, were so undiscriminating as to say they were glad to meet him, he relished their not quite hidden surprise at the fine casualness of his "how d' y' do." Perhaps the purity of his standards was revealed most completely by his only known attempt to impose them. A common liking for real tennis, and a difference of opinion about a certain match, provoked an exchange of letters, when he was in England, between him and the Marquis of Chattenham. This correspondence was afterward published in the American papers, where each of his letters began as he had written it, "Dear Chattenham." To somebody who said innocently enough, "I didn't know you were so intimate with Lord Chattenham," he made answer in these words: "Intimate? Not at all. We've met."

To say that such a life has its own difficulties and problems is only another way of saying that he is a learner and a seeker still. He has made mistakes. Once for a month or so he spoke of taking "in" a newspaper, but that Anglicism soon went by the board. Certain things he has always left undone. He has abstained, he has been known to smile at one of his intimates who could not abstain, from pronouncing trait without sounding the final t. Just at present he has gone west to a ranch, overtly for his health, in reality because he has made up his mind to abandon figures, spoken in the usual American way, for figgers. A less deliberate artist in life would have brought the revised pronunciation home from England.

His early passion for the patrician, hidden now by his passion for good form, is not really dead. Even now, in the long evenings on the Wyoming ranch, when he reads for its English the Bible he is sure to find there, his appreciation of the story of David and Goliath will be tempered by a faint disapproval. To his taste the story would have been better if David had been at least a college graduate, and if Goliath had been a navvy or something of the sort, instead of being what we all know he was, a perfectly well-placed giant of good family, living in a good house of his own just off Fifth Avenue, Gath.

P. L.

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The Religion of Valor

Guerre et Religion, by Alfred Loisy. Paris: Nourry.

FROM practically every belligerent nation comes the report that the war has produced a renaissance of religion. So striking is this declared to be that some of the most pacific theologians of the most pacific of religions have been won over to a "religion of valor," while non-theological observers are talking of the spiritual gain that should be weighed against the economic—and other—losses in the carnival of destruction.

The facts, they say, are beyond dispute. Every people at war has had a spiritual awakening. German regiments go into battle like Cromwellian Ironsides, singing hymns; their pastors are preaching interminable sermons along the line of march from Lille to Warsaw—and also, probably, on the crusade to save the Turk, although the photographs are not yet at hand. In any case, the "materialism" of social democracy seems to have gone the way of its internationalism. The "godless French," to use the epithet of their surprised observer, are hearing mass on the battlefield. One sees pictures of the ruined churches or squalid quarters consecrated only by the presence of death, crowded with reverent *piou-pious*, who, it is supposed, had seldom gone to church before. Paris is said to have become its old Jansenist, mystic self, of the era before Voltaire. As for the Russians, from all accounts they also are engaged upon a crusade rather than a war, and the emancipated intellectual shares the exaltation of spirit of the mujik, having discovered that the true Russian character is one of Christ-like tenderness and sacrifice which abhors to its very depth the relentless modern doctrines of Kultur!

At first it seemed as though the English did not share in the revival—facing death nonchalantly with a frivolous reminiscence of the gaieties of Leicester Square. But now that Tommy Atkins has perished—a historic event, by the way, like the passing of a romance from the old régime—we are told of a different tone both in the homes of England and at the front. An Englishman's religion is not on his sleeve, but like his temporal goods it is his to have and to hold, and in the crisis of his national destiny he seems more reverently aware of its significance, although still lacking the fervor of his Catholic and Orthodox allies.

In short, to judge from the common accounts, war, which is in itself the supreme sacrilege, is responsible for a religious revival. The paradox seems abundantly established. But the particular character of the new religion and its connection with all the historic creeds recited on the three frontiers has so far escaped analysis. The first attempt at this indeed has just come to hand, in a little French book—"Guerre et Religion"—which, altogether brief and partially taken up with a statement of familiar data, is one of the most suggestive studies which has yet appeared on any phase of the war.

Its author, the Abbé Loisy, long famous as the foremost champion of liberal Catholicism in Europe, is especially well fitted, both by temperament and training, to catch and interpret the elusive religious sentiment of the hour; but more important is the fact that his researches in connection with his chair of comparative religion in the College de France have given him an external point of view from which to judge the situation. He is not obliged to cramp the phenomena into the old categories. He sees religion as a larger thing than church or creed, and finally comes to the conclusion that the exaltation of spirit in Europe to-day cannot be properly dealt with under Christian captions at all.

This is rather a startling conclusion, for it would mean, if true, that this vast religious movement is a thing rather to disquiet than to please the orthodox theologian. And this is the first point the author makes. He cites, as illustrative of the dilemma of Protestantism, the correspondence between the pastor Babut of Nimes and Dr. Dryander, the first court preacher at Berlin, in which the venerable Frenchman invoked the spirit of Christian charity in the attitudes of the belligerents and was met by the statement that the Prussian army was meeting all the requirements of the gospel. Paying his respects to this "army of saints," Loisy bares the absurdity of invoking the name of Jesus to cover such acts as were committed on the soil of France. But there is no polemic; the Huguenot, like the Lutheran, sanctions the art of murder for the sake of *la patrie*. In a passage of pathetic beauty the contrast is pointed out between the best that the spokesmen of Protestantism have done and the ideals of the gospel. The treatment of the papacy is on a somewhat different plane; the futility of papal policies and their frankly political aspects are dwelt upon rather than the spiritual aspects of Catholicism. In connection with the latter, Loisy is inclined to belittle the extent to which clericalism can claim any credit for the situation or make any permanent profit from it.

This is a matter of great importance for France. Loisy denies the common report that the drift toward Catholicism has any such general significance as to indicate a revival of clerical control. Only in circles where the old faith was still alive, though inactive, has it been revived. True, the churches are more frequented, and irreverent joking at the expense of soldiers who go to mass is a thing of the past. But it is the *croyants* who worship; as for the rest, they show only the tolerance which springs from human sympathy among those facing death together—not unmixed, to be sure, with a dash of the old credulity which belongs to the most primitive of all religions, that of luck. If an amulet or a relic *should* keep off shrapnel, so much the better; one never knows. Such a faith, however, is not what one means by a renaissance of Christianity. The African troops have similar practices of the frankest fetichism. As for the rationalists in the French army and at home, Loisy sees no indications of their having changed their attitude, except in the direction of tolerance.

This is singularly backed up by a letter written by a former instructor in French in one of our universities, now at the front. A paragraph is worth quoting, if only because it runs directly counter to most reports from the trenches:

> The feeling of the men—and by the way I am glad that my low rank of corporal gives me such an opportunity to study good specimens of all classes of the people—has not changed very much in regard to the war. From the first they have considered it a most abominable thing: that such slaughter could take place in the 20th century was preposterous. They cannot understand the attitude of the Germans invading Belgium in order to get at France to kill and be killed. They feel that if it were they that had been led that way, they would never have obeyed. The overbearing attitude of the Germans that made them despise the French to the extent that they thought they would abolish them quickly and forever, is so foreign to them! Most people picture the others like themselves or else like monsters; but the "poilus" in their simple but rationalistic way of judging things don't believe any nation to be a nation of monsters—so they look for some agency wicked enough to have caused

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such a catastrophe. And they have an idea that it is Emperor William with the church! However ludicrous this idea may be, the evident partiality of the Pope for the Germans, the many threats uttered by the low clergy at the time of the separation "that there would be a punishment which might be a war"; the narrow-minded exaltation of some of those priests who at the time of the declaration of war kept on saying: "I told you so!" and said to the women after the men were mobilized: "That will teach your menfolks a lesson!" for which many a priest was mobbed by the infuriated women—all this has created a kind of suspicion against the church in the minds of many of the working classes. It is evident that this view does not stand in the light of reason: the most clerical of nations, Belgium, has suffered most. But it is a curious example of the way the man of the people will reason out things for himself.

Whatever Catholicism in France may make out of the situation, there is a larger issue involved for the student of comparative religion. There *is* a "religion of valor." Loisy with his attention absorbed by the army of martyrs dying for "La belle France immortelle," regards it as a religion of patriotism. But it is more than that. It is the reaction of humanity in the face of supreme crisis. For religion is essentially a thing of crises, both social and individual. In the primitive world we see it explode into action, as it were, upon occasions of psychic intensity, when the attention is held and the emotions drawn tense before possibilities mysterious and incalculable. Then a new set of values attach to common things; they are sacred or accursed, which amounts to about the same thing in the realm of taboo. It is as though the emotional explosion at such times covers and colors the whole environment. The war, as a crisis for both the society and the individual, is therefore producing its wonted effect. There is a "religion of valor" or a "religion of sacrifice," whichever aspect one choses to emphasize of this supreme reaction to the menace of death, in which the heightened sense of life is overborne by the social will. One cannot compress within a formula such a tangle of complex emotions, unless there is one ready-made in the creed of established churches to which the mind instinctively turns. Now it is the claim of Loisy that neither do the creeds of Christianity fit the whole situation nor are the people of France attempting in any large way to turn to them.

Whatever one may think of these conclusions, not the least important part of the matter is that the phenomena of religion are now analyzed by sociologists and students of comparative religion in the spirit of science, where formerly only the priest was present to observe in the very presence of their supreme stimulus—death.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Freud's Contribution to Ethics

The Freudian Wish, by Edwin B. Holt, New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

"THE Freudian Wish" comes as one of the first valuations of Freud from an accepted if not (he would hate to be called so) orthodox American psychologist. The task of this rather brief book has been to show Freud's relation to normal psychology and to point out to what extent his contribution may be accepted as the basis of a new and radically empirical ethics.

In characterizing Freud as the first thoroughgoing dynamic psychologist, Professor Holt lays the whole stress of his argument upon the Freudian wish, as the new unit in psychology. This unit which, according to the author, is rapidly replacing the old sensation unit, puts the whole emphasis upon activity and allows us to study psychic phenomena as processes rather than as contents, or things, just as modern physical science is based upon the concept of function and seeks the explanation of physical phenomena in their motion. Living things may evidently be studied in two ways, as something passive when they react to stimulus, or as centers of activity when we observe how they act upon their environment. When acid is dropped upon a frog's leg he tries to jump. When he sees a fly he also makes a jump for that fly. But we cannot say that his second jump is, like the first, a mere reaction to stimulus. He does not jump at the fly because the fly has stimulated him, like the acid, from without; he jumps solely because he is hungry, from within. The reader may judge for himself whether it is a more intelligent explanation to say that a push-button rings because of the push of the reader's thumb or because of the electric current in the wire which the pressure of his thumb has accidentally released.

The Freudian wish is comparable to the stored-up electric energy in the push-button battery. It is the first concrete form of those basic impulses (Ger. Triebe) of which psychology can take hold, just as these impulses themselves represent the border-line between the physical and the psychic in the field of biology. It includes, as Professor Holt puts it, "all that would commonly be classed as a wish and also whatever would be called impulse,

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tendency, desire, purpose, attitude, and the like." The wish is a conscious and unconscious longing for and towards something, it is a thirst for expression, for a fulfilment of a want. In this form the wish becomes an inclusive term for all psychic activity and not, like the old sensation unit, a mere content of consciousness. It is no longer a content at all, but a pure activity. It is something that animates the body to purposive action. Professor Holt's exacter definition is " a course of action which some mechanism of the body is set to carry out, whether it actually does or does not."

The author proceeds to show the relation of the Freudian wish to the concept of behavior in animal psychology. He makes the two synonymous. Behavior is defined as the " constant function of the organism to some feature of the environment." Now the wish too must find its realization in the environment and manifest itself as behavior or conduct as the individual seeks to realize his wish. What we study in the animal as behavior we know in ourselves as the wish. Animal psychology has enjoyed the great advantage and owes its greater progress to the fact that there we have been content to study behavior as such without bothering ourselves about consciousness or the contradictions of the subjective and objective point of view. We have based our observations entirely upon what the animal does. Professor Holt pleads that we should do the same in human psychology and claims that we would thereby avoid most of the difficulties that usually beset psychologists.

His contention is well supported by the Freudian theories. Freud has shown that the true inwardness of behavior is to be found, not in some mysterious quality of consciousness but in that large and hitherto unexplored region of the mind called the unconscious. He has immensely broadened the field of observation for the student of human behavior and has put at his disposal a wealth of material which psychologists have habitually ignored. In the Freudian scheme of the mind the old order is completely reversed. Instead of a subjective consciousness it is here the unconscious which is now the center of interest. This unconscious is nothing but a vast repository of all those wishes and impulses whose constant pressure towards realization compels us to accept the dynamic conception of all mental functioning. The realization of these wishes and impulses can take place only in the outer world, in the environment. Now the wish, as Professor Holt observes, " is necessarily a wish about, or a purpose regarding some feature of the environment; so that a total situation comprising both organism and environment is always involved." The function of consciousness is solely to help the unconscious to realize its wishes. It mediates between the wish and the environment, and reconnoitres in the outer world to see whether conditions are favorable to the realization of the wish. It is purely a handmaiden of the unconscious. When Professor Holt defines it as " not a substance but a relation" he is merely paraphrasing Freud's dictum that consciousness is a sense organ of the unconscious. The relation referred to is the realization between the unconscious and the environment.

The wish impulses of the unconscious are boundless and often mutually exclusive. Left to itself each wish seeks a maximum realization without regard to anything else. Here inevitably a conflict arises both between the wishes themselves and between the wish and the outer world. With these conflicts Freud's studies have been primarily concerned. He has interpreted the personality as a constant conflict between wishes and the reality of the outer world. Some wishes are bound to suffer shipwreck on

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account of their absolute incompatibility with the outer world. They express themselves in behavior which is totally out of adjustment with actual conditions and therefore brings nothing but injury to the organism. Such incompatible wishes are regularly found to be the basis of all hysteric and neurotic afflictions and of many mental derangements. The significance of Freud's dynamic conception again becomes apparent when we consider that these incompatible wishes, though repressed back into the unconscious, nevertheless retain the greater part of their activity and continue to influence behavior in ways that are harmful to the organism. If not repressed the wish may experience all degrees of realization. It may find only a compromise fulfilment or a substitutive expression. Character or personality, as the total expression of human behavior, always represents a compromise between the realization of the individual's inner wishes and the corrective reality of the outer world.

Here truth, the exact valuation of reality, becomes the sole guide to conduct, and ethical significance lies in the success or failure with which the wish has accommodated itself to reality. At the lower level of behavior that action is good for the organism which is based upon a correct interpretation of the signs and stimuli which the organism receives from its environment. Professor Holt applies the same natural history standard to every form of human conduct. A wrong or self-injurious action is always due to some ignorance or misinterpretation of the environment. The only guide to right action is knowledge, and the basis of decision must be correct information and fact. That act is best which takes the truth most into account and the art of life is to discriminate between those choices which envisage more or less of the truth. A series of quotations will perhaps do Professor Holt most justice:

"Now the Freudian ethics is a literal and concrete justification of the Socratic teaching. We have seen throughout that truth is the sole moral sanction, and that the discrimination of hitherto unrealized facts is the one way out of every moral dilemma. This is precisely to say that virtue is wisdom."

"Ethics is solely a question, as Epictetus so long ago said, of 'dealing wisely with the phenomena of existence' ....It is the establishment through discrimination of consistent and not contradictory (mutually suppressive) courses of action toward phenomena. The moral sanction lies always in fact presented by the phenomena: morality in the discrimination of those facts."

"Right is that conduct, attained through discrimination of the facts, which fulfils all of a man's wishes at once, suppressing none."

Only the last of these quotations calls for criticism. Not even the most searching discrimination of the facts would enable a man to fulfil all his wishes at once. Freud has repeatedly shown that the whole progress depends upon the suppression of certain fundamental wishes which if indulged would always keep us at the level of savagery. Man's relations to other men immediately necessitate the suppression of a large number of social wishes. His social relations complicate his picture of outward reality by adding a new standard of social reality to the physical reality which he already knows. The present war is indeed providing the opportunity for individuals to "fulfil all their wishes at once, suppressing none," but it brings them to something that is worse than natural savagery. Involuntarily we speak of the war as a bad dream until we suddenly realize that the dream, as Freud interprets it, is the prototype of an ideal unmorality because in it, though only in fancy, we do fulfil all our wishes at once, suppressing none.

ALFRED KUTTNER.

Hymns of Hate

Belgium's Agony, by Emile Verhaeren. Translated by M. T. H. Sadler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

France at War, by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents net.

A REVERBERANT passion is expressed in Emile Verhaeren's "Belgium's Agony." His indictment of Germany—Germany uncivilizable, Germany the inquisitor, Germany the Asiatic—is bound to provoke reservations. For instance, he makes the frantic assumption that the spirit of the Prussian machine is semitic, each convinced that "all of life is self-interest and none of it sentiment." But one has no reservations about the heart-yearning of Verhaeren over Pervyse, Dixmude, Nieuport, Ypres, his high thoughts for European art, his honest whole-heartedness about Belgian nationalism, his study of Albert the Well-Beloved. His account of atrocities is tense but outspoken and definite. To read them is to understand how this sorrowing man, who would that "he might love Flanders with a hundred hearts instead of one," can hate Germany with a hundred thousand. "This hatred will be eternal. It will become a part of the education of our primary schools, it will be a tradition in our families, an instinct in our homes. It will be for us a hallowed reserve of hate and vigor. We shall feel, all of us, as did a peasant with whom I had a brief but wonderful conversation, not long ago, in a coast-village between Coxyde and Dunkirk. He said: 'My wish is that when I am dying I may use the last reserve of my strength, which I shall have stored up inside me, to utter one more curse, one more word of hatred against the Germans.' I remarked that such feelings were far from Christian. He replied: 'So much the worse!'"

Rudyard Kipling traveled the trenches from end to end, steeped himself in that "white-hot gash, worming all across France." He has preserved the record of this visit in a little book, "France at War." The exquisite quality of the French soul, "the godlike preoccupation of her people," he contrasts with the "all-embracing vileness of the Boche." One is not surprised by this grimness of tone, the spirit with which on one hand he discovers that French is "a sister (not a foreign) tongue," and on the other hand that the Boche is dull but "observant and imitative," and that Boche prisoners shiver and shuffle, "outside all humanity." Every German to him is indeed outside humanity—a devil, a brute, a heathen, a barbarian, an animal, a wild beast. With such superb gifts as an artist, one could imagine how Rudyard Kipling might have served the Allies by going among them unofficial and unimportant, a human being whose intentions might further rather than deaden his imagination. But to quicken our blood is not possible to Mr. Kipling. The war he apprehended has come to pass. Righteousness such as is surpassed, only in Germany possesses him. He hates as a man who has suffered and has murder in his heart. His pen is held in a hand rigid with that suppression. He traces a picture of the trenches, but he only feels what is beyond. And he exults that death is beyond. "It's the eating-up of a people. They come and they fill the trenches and die, and they die; and they send more and *those* die." A French officer said this, but he was reading Mr. Kipling's hopes.

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